Rev. S. McKean

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THE OPINION

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BY BEN: F. STANTON.

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BEN: F. STANTON,

Publisher Opinion, Bradford, Vermont.

The old, old farm with its acres broad,
Are rich, and pleasant and fair;
The thrifty owners have tilled the soil,
And gathered the fruits with care.

How many times, in years gone by,
They sat in the summer breeze,
And watched with pleasure the growing crop,
And the thifty apples trees.

But time goes on, the years stay not,
And whither we would or no.
We're travelling on to our journey's end,
And our pace is far from slow,

An aged pair, who once were here
Have long since gone to rest,
Their bodies in the churchyard lie,
Their souls are with the blest.

Now on their children's honored heads
There is many a silvered hair,
And on their brows are furrows deep,
Where once 'twas smooth and fair.

How dear to them each cherished spot,
Where they in childhood played,
And where in more maturer years
Ambition's plans they laid.

Yes, the dear old farm remains,
Though generations pass.
The orchard still bears pleasant fruit,
The meadows wave in grass,

And still the hang-bird finds her nest
Upon the broad elm's bough.
Sweet flowers were blooming long ago—
Sweet flowers are blooming now.

Upon the well-known path we see
Ah! many feet have trod;
Some still are treading life's rough way,
Some rest beneath the sod.

But there's a better place above
Than earthly homes can be.
No tears bedim the happy eyes
That Heavenly mansions see.

MRS. R. BISBEE.

THE manner in which the late bishop of Winchester got his wife and his honors is thus related: After graduating he became tutor to a young marquis, and while the twain were traveling in Switzerland the pupil fell in love with a beautiful but poor Swiss lady. The tutor informed his pupil's parents of the danger to which he was exposed. In reply word was sent that if the tutor would marry the lady himself, he would not be forgoten. He did so; nor was he forgotten, being rapidly advanced through the influence of his patron, until he became an ecclesiastical lord with an income of $55,000.

—A velocipedist proposes to cross Harlem River by way of a wire, and the Commercial Advertiser thinks that somebody really ought to let him know that he can get over a good deal easier and quicker by way of the bridge.

—A bright lad who commenced to go to school for the first time on September 1st, is progressing wonderfully with his studies. He can mash flies between the covers of his books and place crooked pins on the boys' seats with a proficiency seldom acquired in so short a period.

"Jeannette and Jeannot."

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

CONTINUED.

The girl had her head bent down. When she looked up again William Hepworth was no longer near. So trivial are often the first impulses of most of us on the gravest occasions that the sensatian which instantly flashed up in Eva Tresilian's breast was one of anger at Will's rudeness in leaving her there alone—not his leaving her as her lover, and renouncing any claim to her affections, but simply his walking out of that room, and going away without even giving her his arm to conduct her back to the room they had quitted. "Captain Dartwell would not have been guitly of such rudeness," the girl thought, and petulant tears started to her eyes.

At that moment came Captain Dartwell himself in quest of her. He gave her his arm, and they walked up and down the cool, almost empty hall several times, and Eva forgot all about Will Hepworth.—They talked about Dartwell's imminent departure, of the possibilities of the campaign, of the chances that they two might never meet again; he spoke gravely, she sadly; they talked sentimental talk—almost, indeed, lovers talk—but still nothing was said of love. Dartwell did not approach any thing of the kind. Eva expected every moment that the declaration—the proposal, which she had believed inevitable, for which she had given up, in anticipation, every thing—was coming at last; and it never came. This was their actual parting, their farewell interview. They would probably never be alone again before his departure. He knew and she knew that alike understood this to be their adieu scene, and he never said a word of love. Nay, as if he wished to free himself distinctly from any possible obligation, he took occasion to say, when speaking with careless gloom of the prospects of the war:

"You see, Miss Tresilian, I have one great advantage over many of our fellows. If I should drop, it really doesn't much matter. Nobody will care much. As the younger son, I am not much of an object of interest to my father; and as I am not a marrying man, nothing that happens to me will break any lady's heart. If it were your friend Mr. Hepworth, now, every body would feel concerned because of the girl he left behind him. But I can go in without any such sense of responsibility, and draw fire from the Russians without the slightest compunction."

Poor Eva! She could hardly keep from bursting into tears. The farewell interview was over, and this was how it ended! They left the hall almost immediately after these words were spoken, and returned to the crowded room. Their absence had been noticed; their retirement had created a sort of sensation. As they came in—Eva leaning on Captain Dartwell's arm, her eyes downcast, her cheeks flushed, her lips quivering—every body, certainly every woman, in the room mentally said, "He has proposed for her, and she has accepted him, of course." And several wondered whether they would be married before he went to the Crimea, and whether, if so, she would go there with him.

One of her closest friends, Annie Prestwich, contrived to get a seat beside Eva presently, and in the lowest and softest of whispers asked,

"May I congratulate you, Eva dear?"

Eva turned a sad, wild, wondering look upon her, and could make no reply, and Annie withdrew, bewildered.

That was a miserable night for Eva. She tossed and turned, restless and hopeless, in her bed; and only fell asleep for an hour or two as morning drew near, to awake with a start to the conciousness that she had played all her love and her hopes on one stake deliberately, and had lost.

Gradually the truth became known through the town. Captain Dartwell had gone, actually gone, from the place, had sailed for Malta on his way to the Crimea, and had never proposed—had evidently never meant to propose—for Eva Tresilian. Eva's father and mother stormed a good deal at first; and the father, a stout old boy of an ancient school, who had seen many a "meeting" at Wormwood Scrubs and Wimbledon Common, and other spots once sacred to the duel, talked fiercely of pursuing Dartwell up to the very Russian lines—and meant it too. But a little of calm, sad explanation from poor Eva herself dispelled all hope or thought of such savage satisfaction. She had not been deceived; she had deceived herself. Dartwell had never made love to her—never spoke one word of love to her. In truth, the experienced dragoon never meant to commit himself, and never did. Let us do him justice; he intended no particular harm. He had beguiled a time that might have been dull by flirting with the prettiest and brightest girl he could find. He did this every where and always. Each flirtation came to its end in due course; finished as a ball or a game of billards must finish. He supposed this was quite understood on both sides, and did not imagine that the end of the game brought any profunder regrets to the other player than it did to himself. Let it be owned, too, that in this he was generally right. The regulation coquette of an English garrison town has a heart which is about as susceptible of the keen and genuine pangs of love as the whalebone of her stays.

But with poor Eva the case was sadly different. She began to wither. Love and disappointment and shame and grief were literally consuming her. She bitterly reproached herself for her blindness, and for her cruelty to poor Will Hepworth; and her grief was none the less profound and piercing because with every day she began more and more to understand how factitious, illusory, and unreal had been the feeling which had led her to sacrifice so much for one who could make her no return. Poor little romantic, self-deluding creature, she never had really loved Dartwell at all, but only eidolon, a hero of her own creation. She had given up all, and got nothing in exchange. So she was pining visibly, and the doctors at last said she must be taken away, quite away, from the air and the associations of the place for a long time; and her parents took her away accordingly.

Where all this time was Will Hepworth? He had left the scene of his love and his disappointment the very day after his parting with poor Eva, and he was traveling resolutely over Europe and Asia, determined that he would never return home until he could bring a sound, healthy heart with him, free of hopeless love, and cured of disappointment. Two years had gone over, and he was at Cairo, after long wandering by the Nile. He had shunned English papers, for the most part, during his exile; but now, at Shepherd's Hotel, he took up an old number of the *Times*, and read of the famous attack, frustrated in the first instance, on the Redan, and saw that among the officers who were killed there was the Honorable Captain Rupert Dartwell, younger son of the Earl of Strongbow.

He laid down the paper deeply moved.

"Poor Eva!" he thought. "She is a widow now."

Somebody had written to him soon afer his leaving home that Eva was just about to be married to Dartwell, and he rushed away wildly into Hungary, giving no address and writing no letters; and he took it for granted that the marriage was an accomplished fact, and asked and heard no more about it.

"Poor Eva—poor dear girl! I am very, very sorry for her loss.—Good God, how I loved that girl once!"

More wandering, and then, believing himself heart-whole, he resolved to go home. He passed through Italy and Switzerland, and paused for a day or two at dear, delightful Interlachem. And lo! as he stood on the lawn of one of the great hotels he saw Eva Tresilian, dressed in deep mourning, pass by, leaning on her father's arm. She was very pale, but very beautiful; and, alas for our heart-whole friend, all the old passion came rushing and throbbing within him again, and he knew that he was still madly in love with her, and that his long pilgrimage had been made in vain!

Perhaps he would even now have avoided her, though he saw her in grief. But she saw him. Her father had left her, and entered the hotel, and she looked round and recognized Will Hepworth, and came up to him with flushing face and timid, tearful eyes; and there were greetings, at once affectionate and constrained, tender and embarrassed.

"I am very sorry to see you in mourning, Eva," said the young man—he would only call her Eva—"and I know the cause, and indeed, I grieved over it."

"Yes, Will. She was always very fond of you."

"*She*, Eva? Who?"

"Oh, I thought you knew! My poor, dear mother. She died at Nice six months ago. She is happy now." Eva eyes filled with tears. *She* was not happy.

"I thought," stammered Will, very awkwardly—"I thought you were in mourning for *him*—for Captain Dartwell, of course."

"Oh no, Will. I have not seen poor Captain Dartwell for nearly two yeass. I am very sorry for him. It was a sad thing that he was cut off so prematurely. He had much about him that was manly; but I never thought of going into mourning for him. I had my own grief and loss to occupy me."

"Your own grief and loss! Why, Eva, I always thought—Good Heavens! are you not married?"

Eva gave a sad smile.

"No, Will, I am not married. Did you really suppose I was married to poor Dartwell? Indeed no. To do him justice, I must say that he never asked me. No, Will. I deluded myself, and made a fool of myself, and I behaved very shamefully to *you*, and I was rightly punished. Poor Dartwell never cared about me, and, indeed, I very soon come to know that I never in my heart cared about him. So let that pass. I sinned, and have suffered. And now about yourself, Will? I hope—oh, indeed I do—that *you* are happy, and that you are married!"

Need I give Will Hepworth's answer? If there is any reader alive so dull as not to know that the story ended happily for these two, and how it ended, then I can only say that to such a dull reader I shall not condescend to offer any further explanation.

PARASITES IN BIRD CAGES.—Many a person has watched with anxiety and care a pet canary, goldfinch, or other tiny favorite evidently in a state of perturbation, plucking at himself continually, his feathers standing all wrong, always fidgetting about, and in every way looking very seedy. In vain his food is changed, and in vain is another saucer of clean water always kept in his cage, and all that kindness can suggest for the little prisoner done; but still all is of no use, he is no better—and why? because the cause of his wretchedness has not been found out, and until it is, other attempts are but vain. If the owner of a pet in such difficulties will take down the cage and cast his or her eyes up to the roof thereof, there will most likely be seen a mass of stuff looking as much like red rust as anything; and from thence comes the cause of the poor bird's uneasiness. The red rust is nothing more nor less than myriads of parasites infesting the bird, and for which water is no remedy. There is, however, a remedy, and one easily procurable in a moment—fire. By procuring a lighted candle and holding it under every particle of the top of the cage, till all chance of anything being left alive is gone, the remedy is complete. The pet will soon brighten up again after his "house-warming," and will in his cheerful and delightful way thank his master and mistress over and over again for this, though slight, to him, important assistance. —*Land and Water.*

HEREAFTER no Dartmouth student will be allowed to teach more than one term during a College year.

Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, NOV. 16, 1874.

Editor of Opinion:

The pig is in no wise a romantic animal. There is neither gracefulness in his gait, nor comeliness in his general make up; and yet I have lately been brought to doubt if the porker has all the credit due an animal with so much intelligence; yes sir, intelligence, and it's to prove this point that I'm writing.

"Ben, the educated Pig," that was the announcement, and it was supplemented with a pictorial representation of him playing cards. I didn't believe it, but always ambitious to furnish the OPINION with the freshest novelties, regardless of expense, I paid my 25 cents and was ushered in. The entertainment had begun. Upon a raised platform covered with loose carpeting were Ben and his master. Cards about five inches square with the numerals upon them were placed in a row along the edge of the stage, and in full view of the audience, who were requested to give any sum in simple interest for the animal to answer.

The interest on $100 for 6 months at 7 per cent. was asked. The pig slowly waddled up to the card bearing the number 3, took it in his mouth, carried it to his master's feet, and returning, selected the 5, and again the 0.—$3.50. Several computations followed, and in these as well as in problems introducing addition, multiplication, division and substraction, the animal nosed out his answer with invariable accuracy. To the figures were then added cards bearing a number of proper names, short sentences, &c., which were scattered at random over the stage, and questions were desired which could be answered by means of them. "What do the ladies like?" The pig brought out "Dress." "Of what are the gentlemen fond?" There was some hesitation between tobacco and whiskey, but finally the latter was selected. "How old are you, Ben?" 10—1—ten years, one month.

The old fellow made not a single error.

Some one handed up a watch. The exhibitor, without looking at the time himself, held it for a few seconds before the pig's eye and then returned it to the owner.

"Now, Ben, the gentleman would like to know the time."

The figures 3-2-8, were successively brought out. 28 minutes after 3—correct to a fraction. Would any one play Ben a game of euchre?

The proposition was accepted, and the trial proceeded as follows:

The pig cut for deal and lost. His master held the animal's cards before his eyes, the porker studying them carefully, after which they were placed upon the platform *face downward*. Two small placards, "yes" and "no" were used to designate the pig's pleasure as to "passing" and "ordering up." The performance was completely successful, the man loosing the game through square, honest playing on the part of his opponent.

There seems to be no possible collusion between man and beast, the theory being that intelligence and mind are at the bottom of it—an hypothesis which I give you to work out between meals, trusting you may arrive at a more satisfactory conclusion than I have yet hit upon.

HOW THE STATE WAS CARRIED.

Why must men, who have acquired wisdom by years of infinite patience and laborious research, be hounded to death by those who have allowed their youth to slip away without gaining any knowledge whatsoever, and who pester a man of learning on every occasion, for information which they failed, through indolence, to acquire? It's all very well to overhear gentlemen conversing at the street corners say "There goes Snow of the OPINION, if there's a man in New York who really knows anything about the election, and whose judgment is reasonably celebrated for soundness and accuracy, there he is." I say this is not only comforting, but a seemly and just acknowledgement.

Although a modest man, I don't object to this veneration of sagacity, it being one well merited. What I *do* object to, is having Gov. Dix, Tilden, and a delegation from Tammany kicking their heels in my entryway as they did last Tuesday morning, waiting to get my opinion of the issues, possible and probable of the election.

Now I distinctly gave notice that 10 o'clock was the earliest hour at which I could be seen, and here at 8 were they at my door! Anything in a man but irregularity can I over look. The precision of my personal habits is simply clock work.

Rising at half past three in the morning, I go immediately into the backyard and saunter among the clothes poles until half past five. Repairing to my study with every faculty ennobled and elevated by this communion with nature, I devote the time before breakfast to the OPINION, *London Times*, and some minor publications. The first morning of my honeymoon found a delicious cup of hot coffee on the study desk when I returned from my walk. That was 32 years ago. It hasn't been there since.

But pardon this digression. I left some prominent politicians in the hall awaiting my pleasure. I rather ungraciously, perhaps, sent word that it would be impossible for me to see them until later, expressing my dissatisfaction at the unseasonable interruption in such strong terms that they returned a unanimous indorsement of a resolution drawn upon the spot by Dix, which contained, I grieve to say, a great multitude of symbolic d's and dashes, and wound up with a fine consignment to the place where cremation ceases to be a speculative theory. Learning that Dix was at the bottom of this, I determined to throw the entire weight of my influence in favor of the opposition, with what result the country has been made aware. My name does not appear in connection with the majority. True modesty consists in doing a thing and keeping quiet about it—a precept which may, I trust, come under the eye of every little boy and girl in Bradford, and I will furthermore state that, as an instructor of youth in those dominant principles of veracity and the like so pleasing in the young, I stand alone and defy competition.

SNOW.

—A Jersey city lawyer was making a high flown speech the other day, telling about angel's tears, weeping willows and tomb stones, when his Honor said: "Confine your remarks to the dog fight."

—A man in Andover does not believe in a fall in prices, because he has just sold for fifty cents a pocket-knife which he bought for that price in 1809, and has used steadily for sixty-four years.

—Boston men can't believe what they see. One of them had to feel of a steam augur in Chicago to see if it was whirling. It really was, and three or four of his fingers fell down behind an alderman's carvat.

—When a Kentuckian can shoot a twenty-eight pound turkey a distance of forty rods, with a Colt's revolver, and the turkey up a high tree, what's the use of the rest of us practicing on oyster cans at thirty feet.

—"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a friend more addicted to boasting than to study; "you really ought to learn to write better." "Ay, ay," replied the young man, "its all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would find out how I spell.

—A counterfeit $5 bill of a new issue is in cirulation. The paper seems quite as good as in genuine bills, and the only defects are a little bluring of the foliage about the figure 5 on the right hand corner, and the substitution of the word "First" for "Traders'" National Bank.

There is no chance to crow over these elections, as most republicans seem to enjoy them as well as the democrats. They admit corruption in the high places, are glad to see punishment begin, and seem really delighted with the prospect of a change in public affairs.—*Lyndon Union.*

A GOOD SHOWING. The report of the directors of the Connecticut River railroad for the year ending Sept. 30th, states the gross receipts to have been $705,405, the operating expenses at $442,628, and the net earnings to be $263,777.